

Fine Science "Why Dance?"

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There is no acoustic truth
Only the "saviours of our youth"
Resonating bodies all
With no support they break and fall
Visions of a platry few
Concocted into a human stew
The stew, it simmers, but still hot
Remains a giant melting pot
In the pot we wiggle and writhe
Looking like worker bees in the beehive
There is no reasoon for recreation
So we do the dance called self-mutilation
Political ambition lost
We sow the seeds and reap the cost
Firing threats until we're red
>From our toes up to our heads
Threats once fried, return again
Some we keep and some we send
Why dance at all when we're dancing in hell?
Why dance at all when we're killing ourselves?

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